

whose bodies went to the tenderloin, and their souls we know not where.

Yet it's a great sight to look in the big windows of the department stores this made-in-Chicago week.

We might look in the Workingman's Exchange and see the human derelicts—for these, too, were made in Chicago.

We do see the cripples, the maimed, the halt and the blind. We see the painted street walker and the loathsome cadet—these, too, all of them, are made in Chicago.

We might go down into the tenderloin and see the wrecks of humanity—bedizened women who once were cooing babes, suckled at the warm breast of a loving mother.

Yes—these, also, were made in Chicago. And more are in the making every day.

So, friends, Chicagoans, when you look on the astonishing material things that were made in Chicago, don't forget the humanity that is made in Chicago. Don't forget that the lives of men, women or children in Chicago are what they are made in Chicago, and that every blessed or cursed one of us has some responsibility for the kind of lives that are made in Chicago.

COUNT MUST 'SHELL OUT.'

Count John Draskovitch Orloff is not sure that he likes America.

The count yesterday married Miss Mary Henrietta Sparrow, 1927 Adams street, thus annexing Miss Sparrow's \$25,000 worth of property.

The wedding was barely performed by Bishop Fallows, however, before a couple of unfeeling detectives horned into the proceedings and arrested the count on a charge of stealing a typewriter.

The count was escorted to the South Clark street court, where his best man, L. M. Czar, 2503 N. Sacramento av., gave \$750 bail for him.

This morning the count was yanked up before Judge Sabath and asked how he came to buy a

typewriter without the formality of paying for it.

The count explained that soon after "buying" the typewriter he had given it to a friend and that he had thought the friend paid for it. Finally the case was continued by agreement between the typewriter company, the count and his bride until August 15.

Probably the typewriter company figures that by that time the count will have recovered from his marriage and be able to pay the bill, if not with his own money, at least with his wife's.

She—Now tell me truly, why have you broken off with my friend Dora?

He—Because her parrot was continually saying, "Let me alone, Charlie!"—and my name is Jim!